

Indifference

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Summary: Hermione (who has the hots for Ron) analyses his er...indifferent attitude since Harry died. Sad, depressing and probably one of my better stories...20 bucks if you can guess what the song was that inspired this (originally a songfic song taken out) I like

Indifference

>
 A/N_Ok two contests: One can you guess who narrates this? It's in 1st person. And originally what song was this written too (I wrote it and took out the song, cool huh? Hopefully it won't be too chunky.) Guess! It was a female sung song maybe 2 years old, VERY popular. It's a song song too and the person who sung it has 2 albums out and lightish hair. _

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 _

> Hermione's eyes darted to her best friend, the only friend she had left, Ron Weasley. His eyes were aglow with a flame that had long ago faded in her. She smiled faintly, wishing she could be more like him.

> "Care to have a run through the Forbidden Forest?" He said with a devilish glint in his bright blue eyes. I allowed a small smile at his infantile comicalness, a total disregard for rules which only his twin brothers had truly held.

> "What are you.... George?" She asked but seeing the look on his face she caught her mistake. George was dead. Many were dead. More than she could ever hope to count. She sighed placing her head down. Poor Hermione, I have always pitied that poor girl. Long ago I guess what would happen to her. It was written in her mind long before it could possibly be known. Weird how the brain works, I would know.

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>
 Hermione studied her friend with renewed curiosity. Despite his horrible life he had kept his charm, his zest for life. Kept his remarkable personality. Kept that amazing quality that had made her love him. Oh what love she held for him! Feeling that love had made

me shudder!

>
 Yet, in a way, it was not true love. It was more a longing a wanting. A jealousy of his light happy attitude which so greatly clashed with her dark depressed one. She longed to be him almost as much as she longed to be with him.

>

>
 In her entire life she had not been able to figure him out. All those years of being his best friend and yet she was no closer to figuring him then that first day at Diagon Alley.

>
 Hermione knew it wasn't polite to stare but she couldn't seem to pull her eyes away from him. He brushed his disheveled hair backward and grinned at her inquiring eyes.

>
 "Like what you see?" He joked with that twinkle in her eye. Her heart melted.

>

> Still, Hermione ignored his flirtatious statement and started a useless conversation, something pointless and purportless. He looked disinterested.

> "Ron?" She inquired, mentioning the subject that had truly eaten at her soul. " Do you ever miss Harry?"

> She watched as his eyes momentarily misted, alive with newfound contempt and sadness, but he shrugged it off. He was trying so desperately to be cool, she thought. Why did he always have to be so insensitive?

>

> "I guess," He said, his eyes wandering aimlessly and then resting on the fogging window "how about this rain?"

>
 Hermione felt anger flood to her cheeks. How could he be so indifferent? Then the real question intruded into her psyche, why couldn't she?

>
 She looked at him. She loved him, she really did, but that didn't matter to him. Nothing mattered to him. He couldn't care about anyone. With his terrible indifference to all he had lost any sense of compassion he had ever had. He had closed him self off, locked himself inside himself.

>

>

> "CRACK." She said out loud. Only she knew what that meant, well I suppose I do now. It's weird to know so many people's secrets.

> "What?" He said in confusion. She grinned. The crack has symbolized her broken heart. She let out a small laugh. A crazy, insane laugh. She had become insane.

>

> Hermione sat at the great hall, tomorrow was graduation. Graduation without Harry. How could she go one without her best friend? She almost unconsciously slid her hand into Ron's and he stared at her in shock. She quickly pulled away and he pulled his hand to his pocket and brought up a box of cigarettes.

> "Since when have you smoked." She said grabbing his arm.

> "When do think?" He said pushing her arm away. She felt her heart break at his rudeness.

> He quickly change the subject.

> "Did you hear those new musical theories in Flitwick's class?" He asked, trying to sound intellectual.

> "Flitwick's dead." Hermione said, stone faced.

> Ron's mask of indifference flickered again, "Oh of course." He said, sober.

> I guess life had hardened Ron or maybe Ron had hardened life. Life was cruel and Ron was cruel and together they were an unbeatable

pair. I guess that's what death does to people. Makes them cold and cruel.

> Hermione knew this of course but I guess when she heard Ron talking to Seamus that day it shocked her.

> "God Hermione's pissing me off." He said hanging off a chair. Seamus raised an eyebrow. "Always complaining being all serious and crap. Lost her sense of fun."

> "Become a regular depressed mudblood, aren't as strong as us halfbloods and pureblood ya know? Can't deal with death." Seamus piped in.

> "Yup, nowadays I've got a certain word for her." Ron said with a nod.

> Seamus grinned, "Bet it rhymes with witch."

> Ron nodded, Hermione who had hidden in the corner, burst into tears. Ron's head jerked toward her and he mouthed a curse.

> He reached out to touch her but she pulled away like a rabid animal. She ran away feeling her heart break.

>

> She scrabbled up the stairs, away from him. "I had you figured out all wrong Ron Weasley. I thought we like me but I wrong."

> "I'm your best friend." He said.

> "I was best friends with a different person." She said and flew up the stairs, curling into a fetal position and crying.

>
 I guess broken hearts are a common thing among people. I've felt, read through the pain of so many. Hermione's story was the saddest of all though. I guess that's why I tell it now. It's not over yet mind you but I leave you now with this satisfactory
>
 Hermione looked at the ceiling above where she was crying. There was a sign there. She saw Ron headed up the stairs after her. She averted her eyes to the sign.
>

> Who do you love most?
>
 It read^
>
 Hermione's eyes darted to her best friend, the only friend she had left, Ron Weasley. His eyes were aglow with a flame that had long ago faded in her. She smiled faintly, wishing she could be more like him.
> ***

> And so this girl's story end as it had began, in that bittersweet sad way that most stories do. But as I, your narrator and someone you may know will tell you it is not over yet. Not even close.

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>

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End
file.